Per. May ſee the ſea hath caſt vpon your coaſt.

2. What a drunken knaue was the ſea,
To caſt thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaſte Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vſde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heeres them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adaies, vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life, then may ſuffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray ſee me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handſome fellow: Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and wee'l haue fleſh for all day, fiſh for faſting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you ſir.

2. Harke you, my friend, You ſaid you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then ile turne crauer too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, then to be Beadle. But Maſter, Ile go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you ſir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I ſir, and he deſerues ſo to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernment.

Per. He is a happy King, ſince he gaines from
His Subiects, the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court diſtant from this ſhore?

1. Marry ſir, halfe a daies iourney: and Ile tell you, hee hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iuſt & Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.

1. O ſir, things muſt be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues ſoule.

Enter the two Fiſher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Maſter, helpe, heere's a fiſh hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at laſt, and tis turnd to a ruſty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me ſee it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all croſſes,
Thou giueſt me ſomewhat to repaire my ſelfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this ſtrict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a ſhield
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Brayſe:
For that it ſaued me; keepe it in like neceſſity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearely loued it,
Till the rough Seas (that ſpares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my ſhipwrack now's no ill,
Since I haue here my fathers gift in's will.